

And even these three dayes haue I watcht,  
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,  
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,  
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spee them.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,  
with others.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?  
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?  
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?  
Discombe I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,  
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,  
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd,  
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,  
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:  
Which I disdain'd, scorn'd, and craued death,  
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:  
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,  
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-  
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,  
In open Market-place produc't they me,  
To be a publique spectacle to all:  
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,  
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.  
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,  
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,  
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.  
My grisly countenance made others flye,  
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.  
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:  
So great feare of my Name mongst them were spread,  
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,  
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.  
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,  
That walkt about me euery Minute while:  
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salib. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,  
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:  
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:  
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,  
Let me haue your expresse opinions,  
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands  
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the  
Bridge.

Tal. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,  
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. Here they shot, and  
Salisbury falls downe.

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.  
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?  
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?  
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?  
Accursed Tower, accursed farall Hand,  
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.  
In thirteene Battailles, Salisbury o'recame:  
Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres.  
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,  
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.  
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,  
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.  
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,  
Heauen be thou gracious to none aloue,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.  
Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?

Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.

Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,  
Thou shalt not dye whiles----

He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:  
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,

Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantaginet I will, and like thee,  
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:

Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?  
Whence cometh this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the French haue gather'd head,  
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Puzel ioy'd,

A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,  
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

Tal. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane.

It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd,  
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.

Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,  
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,

And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines,  
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,

And then wee'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,  
and drineth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,  
driving Englishmen before her.

Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?  
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,  
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:  
Deuill, or Devils Dam, Ile coniure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,  
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace  
thee.

Here they fight.

Tal. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuaile?  
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,  
I must goe Victuall Orleans forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne  
with Souldiers.

O're-

O'retake me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.  
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,  
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,  
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Exit.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,  
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:

A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:

So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,  
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.

They call'd vs, for our fierceneffe, English Dogges,  
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Heare Countryemen, eyther renew the fight,  
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;

Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:  
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,

Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,  
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:  
You all consented vnto Salisburies death,

For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.  
Puzel is entred into Orleans,

In sight of vs, or ought that we could doe.  
O would I were to dye with Salisbury,

The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flouish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,  
Alanfon, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our waving Colours on the Walls,  
Releu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus Ioane de Puzel hath perform'd her word.  
Dolph. Diuine Creature, Aftren's Daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this successe?  
Thy promises are like Adonis Garden,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.  
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,

Recover'd is the Towne of Orleans,  
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,  
Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.  
Alanfon. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,

When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.  
Dolph. 'Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:

For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,  
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,

Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.  
A stately Pyramis to her Ile reare,

Then Rhodophe's or Memphis euer was.  
In memorie of her, when she is dead,

Her Adies, in an Vrne more precious  
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of Darim,

Transported, shall be at high Festiualls  
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But Ioane de Puzel shall be France's Saint.

Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,  
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flouish. Exeunt.

Actus

Enter a

Ser. Sirs, t

If any noyse o

Neere to the w

Let vs haue kn

Sent. Sergo

(When others

Constrain'd to

Enter Talb

Lad

Tal. Lord

By whose app

Wallon, and Pi

This happy nig

Hauing all day

Embrace we th

As fitting beft

Contriu'd by

Bed. Coward

Dispairing of

To ioyne with

Bur. Traitor

But what's tha

Tal. A Ma

Bed. A Ma

Bur. Pray

If vnderneath

She carry Ar

Tal. Well,

God is our F

Let vs resolu

Bed. Ascer

Tal. Not a

That we do m

That if it cha

The other yet

Bed. Agre

Bur. And

Tal. And

Now Salisbur

Of English H

How much in

Sent. Arm

The Fren

sen

Alan. Ho

Bast. Vnr

Reig. Tw

Hearing Al

Alan. Of

Nere heard I